he governs them for more hours at a time than any other officer, and this he does almost every n offender than not. The post is an efficer of the gallery theatres-

the man who keeps order in the cocklefts and sky pariors of the Bowery and other play houses. These monitors got their queer name of post away back in the days when the theatree were in Park row, Chambers street, and the lower Bowery, when Tom Hamblin was the great manager, William Burton was the great actor, and Lester Wallack was a beardless boy, who called himself John Lester and acted with his father and uncle. The word "post" probably came from the fact that these monitors never sat down, but were obliged to stand up to watch the gallery gods, and took to leaning against the posts that supported the celling in order to get rest. The great minority of the people of the city never heard of or saw one, but there are hundreds of thousands of men grown and boys growing who have sat under the post's rattan more nights than they can compute the number of.
After reading this explanation it will often fall to the lot of a man or woman to hear a short, sharp, sudden crash or snapping sound over-head while they sit in their balcony or orchestra chairs in the theatres that cater to the galleries with such pieces as "The Dark Secret,"
"The Two Orphans." "East Lynne," or even

the Shakespearean tragedies.

A SUN reporter sat bent under the post's rattan in a large theatre in the Bowery the other night—the one that used to be called Tony Pas-tor's fifteen or twenty years ago. The bill was a melange of specialties by variety performers.
"Gallery, ten cents," was painted up in different parts of the house. This price puts the theatre within the reach of boys, and it is to such aces the little fellows of the streets go for their fun and dissipation after each day's work at blacking boots, selling newspapers, carry-

at blacking boots, selling newspapers, carrying satchels, dusting conts in barbers' shops, running errands for storekeepers, and all the other things that homeless or undisciplined boys do for their living. The profit on the sale of twenty-five copies of the Evenine Bun, easily sold, will take a boy to one of these galleries. The sale of forty or fifty papers will return the means of getting a supper in a Bowery eating dive, a bod in a lodging bones, and a night at the theatre, and leave casifal sufficient to repeat the same routine to-morrow. These little fellows are confirmed theatregoers, as we shall see. They have no use for the ballot, no patience with what are called parior or society plays, and no sympathy with even the greatest stars—like Bornhardt or Salyini—who can't talk United States.

Otherwise their taste and judgment are pretty good. They are fond of music, devoted to funenraptured with feats of skill and practice, loving but stern critics of negro and irish species and rouses and form insafiable appetited.

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Otherwise their taste and judgment are pretty good. They are fond of music, devoted to funsirability of they are fond of music, devoted to funsirability. They are fond of music, devoted to funsirability of the stars and institute and irish dancing, and possessed of an insatiable appetite for startling, sensational, and melodramatic stage situations and effects.

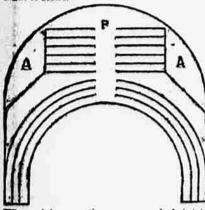
The Sun reporter climbed an erratic rough fight of stairs at the tail of a long procession of queer little shavers in caps and tatters. When the stairs ended he found himself just able to stand up beneath the ceiling. Before han the gallery fell with a sleep slaut toward the stage, so that it formed the greater part of the sauditorium. Yet it was built with so little regard for any interest except the owner's that the bottom end of the steep hill of benches was only just even with the proscenium arch, above the top of the curtain, while the top of the hill, where most of the seats were was just under the ceiling, and commanding a better view of a sheet of painted canvas and two paintings of statuary over the stage than of anything else. Though it was sarry, the gallery was almost packed with boys, three or four hundred of them, and about two doesn men. The fact is that the boys begin to form a line in the lobbies of the gallery thearens soon after 6 o'clock, so as to have their choice of seats when the doors open an hour later. When the doors do open, wheever opens them in a tussle for the best seats. There was not a woman or girl in the place.

The air was full of smoke. Every third boy was puffing a cigarette or a cigar. The view was puffing a cigarette or a cigar. The view was liluminated with splashes of flame here and there where some one was holding a match to his weed. These bits of flame were dimmed by the clouds of smoke around them. The gas est down stairs in front of the baleony and boxes, looked feeble and hazyllke lightis in a for.

The air was full of smok

NO PIPE SMOKING

When the fastidious reporter, who has spent parts of many holidays happily in that very gallery bolore his own boys and girls were open, came to sit down there in this year of grave and prosperity, he noticed that there was wratically no difference between the seats and practically no difference between the seats and the floor. Both were of rough board, and the same mud and sand covered both equally thickly. It is true that there were boards set up on edge between the benches, but these rude backs were used by common consent for the people behind to rest their shoes, so as to whethem on the people in front. The benches were simply steps, the gallory being a broad flight of stairs.



By and be even the spaces marked A A in the above rough disgram were crowded with men and boys standing up. These are raised platforms, made because the stage cannot be seen from there at the lovel of the seats. By the way. P is where the post fook his stand. He was a big, muscular young German-American, with a rosy complexion, light hair, and blue eves, but with a purnucious, saucy expression, such as suggested the habitant carrying of a chip on his shoulder.

The boys all growled and snaried at one seother like eaged wild animals or cats at feeding time.

"A-a-a-h, give us a rest."

"Walt till catch you, Petey."

"What fer."

"Fer narthing; on'y wait till I catch yer, dars all, yer big stud."

"Bey, young feller, you put your hoofs on me coat agin in I ill am yer in der jaw."

"What fer."

"Fer narthing; on'y wait till I catch yer, dar's all, yer big stud."

"Bey, young feller, you put your hoofs on me cost agin 'n I'll iam yer in der jaw!"

"A.a.h. shet up."

"A.a.h. shet up."

"A.a.h. shet up."

"A.a.h. shet up."

"They were not bad hoys. They were merely following the street fashion—the rule of street life, which is, "every feller fer himsolt." They were not unprepossessing looking, eliher. Such a lot of keen little faces, bright eyes, firm mouths, frank expressions, and regular features you never would have looked for there; you seldom would find elsewhere: merchants and speculators in childheod, every one of them. Expressione had made little men of them. They were shabby and even ragged, but not dirty or untidy. To look at them you would have almost suspected that semebody had met each one at the head of the stairs with a seguing wet hairbrush and slicked his hair down so that it shone. Every hore and there ene of them broke out with a whistled tune. Others caught it up and it grow in volume until the post suddenly brought his hair-inch thick five-loot rattan down on the boards behind him with a crash like the collapse of a mast in a storm at each.

All was instantly quiet, but in another minute some one else began to whistle sortly. One boy attempted "The Boulanger March." His had proceeded with a few bare when some one malled out: "Hully cripues! get on to der Bologna roth." The rested laughed and the whistler alloyed. As boon as everybody learns a tune it is deemed improper to practise it. It bores the crowd, Last year it was a crime to whistle "Always Take Mother's Advice." The year before the unpardousble sin was the whistling of one of Dave Braham's songs. Thus in their turn such in their seed, almost a song a Thus in their turn such in the get and some with humming the aft solily to themselves. At this moment there we a lively row. The post in his blue fianned.

TEN CENTS WORTH OF FUN.

A NIGHT IN THE GALLERY OF A POPULAR BOWERY THEATEE.

Where the Pest Rules the Recet and No
Girls or Women are Seen Scenes Buring
Three Hours of a Queer Experience.

A great many New Yorkers have more
respect for the post than for any other officer, and this he does almost every
day. Besides, he always keeps his eyes on them, goes well armed, and would rather thrash an offender than not.

shirt sleeves, magnificent among the boys by reason of his broad shoulders and tolg neek and frame, made seems remark to a young near the post can be really of the raised platform on the north side of the trained platform on the north side of the theatre.

The mechanic made some reply over his shoulder and walked onward.

"You make me tired, "replied the mechanic.
"Don't be hopy now." said the post.
"Don't lik now where to walk as well as you?" the mechanic asked. He was a good-natured young fellow with a handsome face.

"Talk to me 'n 'l'll give you a bat in the mouth," said the post, can be north side of the theatre.

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"Talk to me 'n 'l'll give you a bat in the mout

"Are you sure you will?"

"Yes, I will."

At the moment he said this the pest sprang to the side of the mechanic, with his fist elenched and his eyes flashing. The mechanic did not flinch.

"Do you want the did not flinch.
"Do you own the house? Are you running it?" he inquired.
"I'll give yer a thump," said the post.
"Give it to me, then; now's your time," said

it "he inquired." "Il give yer a thump," said the post.
 "Give it to me, then; now's your time." said the mechanic.
 The gallery audience stood up, the better to see the fun. The post spread out his great muscular hand and made as if he would grasp the youth's face and tear it from his head. The mechanic, with a move as quick as lightning, throw himself into the attitude of a fighter and with fists in position offered the big bully a thrashing that he looked perfectly able to bestow. The post perceptibly drew in his horns. He seemed to grow smaller. He began to use his hands as if to expositulate kindly, and he talked is a low voice. A third person sprang on the platform beside the two.

"Ah, dat's just it," said the youth beside the reporter. "A feller would be a big gilly fer to try to fight one of dem posts, Dey always has a mob te jump on any one. De only place to thump a post is when you git him is der street. This preved an unprovoked criticism, for the third person was a friend of the mechanic. The quarriel ended, the two men stood still, the post went to his place. He head of the stairs, red in the face and said to the post:

"I wouldn't let any of them talk to me."

The first thing on the bill was a farce called "The Agraeable Household." The relining up of the curtain caused a draught that carried off the greater part of the smoke, revealing the stage and the heavy coating of finger marks, as of baint, on the wail on each side of the gallery. The players were visible, but only one werd in ten of what they said could be heard. The fun of the piece lay in the fact that a man and wife were centionally contradicting one another, and their negro servant was forever advising the husband to "Slug her." "Sing her." "Sone, "Now slug her." he said, and the gallery roared at the idea.

Only a few of the gallery gods had pregrammes. The others called out: "Who's de nigger?" "Who's der bloke dat's playing der coon." Some one announced that it was Bob Harrison, and added. "He's a dandy," and all were satisfied. T

Say, will be ever return ? Where can the wanderer be Where can the wanders be?

This was admired, as all highly moral and pathetic songs always are by the gallery, and presently the vocalist reappeared and sang:
I'm the ghost of Jehn Jeames Christopher Benjamin Bings;
I was cat down in the midst of my sins, I'm let out for an heur or so, For my home is down below.
I'm the ghost of John Jeames Christopher Benjamin Bings.

This song was so novel and ingenious, and was so well sung, with clover by-play by the singer, that the reporter left sure the gallery would be carried away with it. But the gallery heeded it very slighty. A few whistled or hummed the tune.

"That's a good song," said the reporter to his neighbor.

heeded it very slighty. A few whistled or hummed the tune.

"That's a good song," said the reporter to his neighbor.

"Tused to be good—ence," said the lad; "fust rate; but it's time he stuffed it an' put it away. Dat mug made his reputation wid dat song. Dat's how he got where he is. He better, sit anuder one,"

Next came "the eccentric Vidocoa"—Mr. John and Miss Edna—in their sketch, "Rehearsal." Again the gallery could see the stage, but couldn't hear half what was said. There was a room, a young woman, a colored man, and a very life-like lay flgure—startlingly life-like. The figure was in a chair. The young woman was heard to say she meant to rehearse "one of Shakespeare's graund and thrilling dramas. Three Nights of Despair, or the Maiden Locked in the Cage?" Then the negro was seen to seize the figure and wrestle with it, slappling it, punching it, kicking it in the stomach, clubbing it, rolling and writhing on the floor with it, and slamming its hond on the boards interminably. That was all the gallery could see of the piece, for the negro did this again and again, merely resting a minuto at a time. It was the hit of the evening, however, for the negro seemed in earnest, and a very dovil of a rough-and-tumble fighter, and the stuffed figure was as natural as could be. The gallery went into convulsions of laughter.

After this drama ended by the lay figure squirting water all over the negro, the Martolls, big and little, did some pretty acrobatic work. Then Kitty O'Neil, queen and dol of the gallery gods, who has jigged before all the gallery gods, who has jigged before all the galleries in town for more than a dozen years, came out as neat and picturesque as ever. The boys clapped their hands, thumped the floor with their feet, and screamed.

"Is she married again, afterward."

"Be married again, afterward."

"Do these performers marry, as a rule?"

"Do these performers marry, as a rule?"

"He had heard. The performers marry as a rule?"

"Well, boss; marriage don't trouble 'em as it does do performers ma

does der people off der stage. Dey only marry fer der boodle. At least, dat's der way see it." When Ritty vanished Messrs, Sharpley and West came and made music with bits of wood, big belis hoop skirts, horns, toy dogs, guitars, and whatever else they happened to pick up on the stage. They pinyed prettily, but their musical work was jarred and disturbed by the roughest sort of horse play and bufloonery. As each part of the programme was seen, and proved to be full of this punching and failing down and whateling with stells and pulling of chairs from under people, it dawned on the reporter that this clownish business had a purpose. It is tiresome to those who sit below, but it is essential to the gallery. Dialogue cannot be heard up there, and this horse-play is all the gallery sees of most of the bits of the programme. The skilful work and bright humor, then, are for the first floor, the bufloonery for the gallery. As there is more gallery than anything else in the auditorium, so there is more bufleonery than anything else on the stage.

Messrs, Heffernan and MacDonald, very talentoused. ented young men, sang such songs as one which announced farah and Beeky Are both very pretty. But Mary is mashed on me.

When they were encored a third time they propounded conjundrums to one another, and the one who could not answer a riddle was pounded on the head by the cane the other carried. Two of these conjundrums were:

Why can't a baby play encore! Because it cannot go it alone. When its mother turns it up and plays her right bower on it, it takes wery trick.

If it takes three yards to make a shirt, how many shirts can you got in a yard? It depends on how dark the night is, and how many shirts are on the line.

Flora Moore, another dancer and a singer as

shirt can you get in a yard? It depends on how dark the night is, and how many shirts are on the line.

Plora Moore, another dancer and a singer as well, proved more popular than Kitty O'Nell, and gave a performance that would have pleased almost any audionce in town. She proved that the gailery boys recognize genius, for she was full of it.

Bam Devere was the next performer, and the post remarked to some one, loudly enough for all to hear. "You needn't clap him: he'll be sure to come out fourteen times." Sam did come out a dozen times, but he was brought out by loud applause. He is a famous singer of topical songs, and would be a better one if he was less indelicate. Some hits and points he made were the only features of the evening's show that could be criticised on the ground of coarsoness. This a noteworthy fact, for ton years ago such performances were filled with objectionable jokes and acts.

More significant still, Dever's departure from nice taste were not as well liked by the little gods as his cleaner humor. This was one verse and four of his dittes:

They say, after awhile Jake will cat a new trial, light it ain't a-going to happen light away.

Another was: nother was:
Bid you ever see a Rewery ent of New York,
Where the girls all cut their hair se abort,
And try to faceinate every Jersey gawk?
Never in the wide, wide world.

And try to fascinate every Jersey gawk?

Never in the wide, wide world.

The bill ended with a short play, is which Jack McAuliffe, the pugilist, was to appear. There was a reastle of expectation on the part of the boya. They began calling: Take off your hat." Down wid dat dier," and to be greatly troubled by everything that seemed likely to interfere with a view of the stage. The post was called into the dispute over one hat and decided, like the mogul he was, that caps could be worn, but all hats must come off. Somebody appeared before the curtain and announced that "Jack McAuliffe will spar Mr. Gillisspie this evening, if any centleman wishes to spar Mr. McAuliffe at other performances he can do se by leaving his name with Mr. Hyde at the box office." The play went on and created great diserder in the gallery when the boxers had their bout, fer the boys ceuld not help standing up to see the fine work, and those behind them persisted in pulling them back into their seats and swearing at them.

The boxing was good and greatly appreciated. "Oh!" and "Did yer see dat?" were constant crice. At one moment, when McAuliffe hit his man a sturdy upper cut under the chin, a boy yelled "Oh, my! Dat-was a lollar" The exchamation was heard all over the theatra. The tone in which it was specken was so expressive of delight that every one reared.

"Does the poet get high wages," the reporter asked of a boy on the stairs when the show broke up at 11 o'clock.

"He gits a dellar for every-pufformance, I reckin." Seid of the poet of the content of the process.

The citizen stepped up to a policeman and said. "Officer, do you see that crowd of Whyos?"

The rowdies caught the words, and hurried on rapidly, looking out of the corners of their eyes, ready to jog their heels into a trot, and leaving the drunks man twenty feet behind the hindmost of them.

"They are workingmen, aren't they?" the policeman replied—but his tone betrayed his hypocrisy. For some reason he desired to avoid trouble with the vagrants.

The next policeman was of different stuff. The vagrants had once again pressed around the drunken man and little woman. They seemed not to dars to snatch the man's watch or to try to rife his pockets in that busy street. Their idea was to follew close hoping to see the man fall on the slidewalk. But the second policeman recognized them, and as they approached one curb at a crossing he stepped toward them from the opposite one. Instantly they disappeared as if the ground had opened beneath their feet. Some turned back, some crossed the Bowery, and others dodged into one or two decreasys. The drunken man was rescued from a danger he knew nothing of. It was the end of a frequent episode of life on the most peculiar street on the continent.

"My roommate is a perfect lady, only she

"My roommate is a perfect lady, only she will get drunk."

That was what one young woman was saying to another as both entered what is best known as Billy McGlory's dance house—Armory Hall in Hester street.

It is a queer place. It is one of the old-time drill rooms relitted for the present use. The floor was waxed, the ceiling and walls were prettily ornamented, the little stage and curtain were models in their way, the general look of the place suggested prosperity. Yet it was not prosperous as it used to be when it had such a reputation that the proprietor was looked up and the dancers passed all bounds except those set in the Jardin Mabille in the days of Nanoleon the little.

Around the sides of the room were some tables, chairs, and benches. They were empty because those who were to rest when the music ceased were then waltzing—twenty odd couples of young men and young girls. Over their heads was a three-sided gallery where other men and women sat at other tables, waited on by neatly clad colored waiters, who said "Weiss beer is all we sell here, sir."

The place recalled the burlesqued proverb, "Be virtuous, and you'll be happy—only not too darned happy." The waiters shook their heads, and said: "Taint what it used to be." The girls told the men who dropped in: "You ought to have seen the place when they had the high kicking. It was crowded every night, and money like lager beer. There were twenty-five girls to every one that comes here now." The intelligent Massachusetts colored man who is the head waiter talked thus:

"After a stranger has been here about half an hour he begins to get uneasy, and presently he is sure to say: Ahem, when is the er—the er, you know, the er can-can business coming off." They never seem to believe that it has really been abandoned, and that the place is as

who is the head waiter talked thus:

"After a stranger has been here about half an hour he begins to get uneasy, and presently he is sure to say." Ahem, when is the or—the er, you know, the er can-can business coming off? They never seem to believe that it has really been abandoned, and that the place is as respectable as any in town. In another way the old reputation of the place does it harm, for once in a while a man will say: "Waiter, what time is it? I left my watch and iewelry and everything except a five-dollar bill at the hotel before I came down here." This is too bad, for every, man is as safe here as in any hotel in town. No crooks are allowed in the place. They are all known, and are all stooped at the door. It doesn't matter what promises they make, they have to zo. On the same principle disorderly conduct, quarrelling, and loud talk is instantly stopped.

There cortainly was a remarkable improvement in the appearance of the women dancing and seated about at the tables.

One would not have aspected to see either such good looks or such good clothes in this part of town. In the days of the place's notoriety it was the resort of a multifude of stunted, leather-complexioned, wire-haired gutter girls, with bangs on their forcheads, and an efquette demanding beisterous slapping and kicking, and lond profanity. In place of these was a gathering of just such women as used to frequent Harry Hill's, girls with clear complexions, stylish dresses and quiet manners.

The young men who either are paid to dance there or who can't keep away from where there is duncing, were neatly but cheaply dressed and all had their hair well barbered. Home danced like testotums, some quite fashlonably, and others after the manner the police call "pivoling," which is spinning around with frigid bodies and inflexible projecting arms. All were as soher and correct in deportment as an oman West Point cadets on parade. They must have heen happy, because they were vituously employed; but it is a queer fact that all over the each of

Peculiarity of the The peculiarity of the Bowery concert halls is that the doors and fronts are arranged so as to offer as little trouble to get in and as much inducement to do so as possible. The whole front being glass, a glispse of the stage is given, and through the open fanlights the music relis out. In summer these music halls are merely pockets in the side of the street, or bays that epen on the rushing human channel, for then they open on the side walk like distended laws.

Here is a new one, next door to a theatre, all placerded with pictures of actresses who wear clothing in the same proportion as a luiter wears a nestage stamp, Let's go in and see the sights. It is a big barn of a place like a farm of boards, and sprinkled all over the floor are two chairs and a table—repeated a hundred times or more. There is a stove with the shape and look of a stove pipe, but five feet in diameter, and there are chandeliers a bar and a stage without a curtain. The front of it, where one unally sees the orchestre, is docked with paintings of the American flag. The orchestre is on the stage, and leaves plenty of room for

BOWERY SCENES AT NIGHT.

TOTAL OF THE SUM AND ALL CONTROL OF THE SUM AND AL

COLD WORK ON THE BRIDGE. The Wind Blows Through the Car Conduc-

Several of the car conductors on the Brooklyn bridge told a reporter for THE SUN yesterday that their suffering while on duty in this weather is very severe. They have to remain on the open platforms at their brakes all the time, and many of the men have been made sick by the constant exposure. They said there was no reason why they should not be allowed to remain inside the cars for a part of each trip, and asserted that Superintendent of Transportation Hoagiand was the only obstacle in the way of their doing so. Superintendent Martin, they said, did not object to letting the men remain inside, but there was risk in appealing from Hoagland to him. One

of the conductors said:
"I have nearly finished my day's work now and I am almost frozen. I feel sick in the stomach and am all played out. I won't get to feeling warm again for an hour after I get home. The cold is frightful on these cars when you can hardly move. Lots of the men are troubled with quinsy sore throats and colds. Some of them are laid up so that they cannot work. When we are sick we don't get a cent either, so that it comes pretty rough. I don't think that Mr. Martin knows about it. There isn't any danger in letting some of the men form of the last car, for instance. He has control over the car at all, and yet he has to remain outside. If he went in, and got caught remain outside. If he went in, and got caught at it, he'd be laid off for some time. Last week I was so sick that I couldn't stand it, and I went inside a car. I was reported and laid off for three days. Each man works ten hours a day, and with the exception of lifty-six minutes allowed him for two meals he is kept exposed all the time. There seem to be lots of men anxious for the job, but I tell you it's no fun." Superintendent Martin was surprised when he heard the men had been complaining. "It is the first time," he said, "that any of my men have gere elsewhere to make complaints. It has always been my policy to investigate any complaint of the men and to seek, as far as possible, to make redress, I know very well that the place of conductor on the trains is a very hard one. We cannot, however, provent its being so. Our first duty is to look to the safety of the passengers, and everything else sinks into insignificance when compared with that. It is absolutely essential to this result that the men should be at their brakes all the time. These cable cars are entirely different from the elevated trains. The laster are entirely under the control of the engineer, and the only duties that the brakes all the time. These cable cars are ontiroly different from the elevated trains. The laster are entirely under the control of the engineer, and the only duties that the brakemen and conductors have to attend to are the opening and closing of the gates and pulling the bell rope, On our trains every mun has a share in controlling the motion. If the first man inds it necessary to ston the train he signals the second man by pulling the bell rope, eleases the grip and puts on the brake. The second man has to do the same, and so has the third, if it is a three-car train. The last man's duties are confined to flagging the train behind in case of an accident. No one or even two men could control the train, especially when they were crowded and running close together. If the men were allowed to go inside, and it were necessary at it, he'd be laid off for some time. Last week I was so sick that I couldn't stand it, and I

Comfort for Comstack. From the Lowell Citisen. He—There is one thing about our theatres that asthony Comstock can but approve, whatever be on the stage.

Bits—What is that, pray?

He—The seneral and growing use of opera giasses. It is so much mere modest than the use of the naked eye.

Queer Facts and Happenings.

Near Sait Lake City a forcet fire surrounded a flock of O) sheep and burned them to death. Wilbur Present of Flint Mich. has lost five horses by lightning in the last seven years, and nearly every tree on his farm has been struck. on his farm has been struck.

An Upan county, Ga. preacher has married 111 coupies and received less than \$5 in westling fees. One hundred and ten paid him nothing.

On Christmas Bay Mrs. Wesley Ray of Marshall county, Ky. presented her hundred with a quartet of bables—two girls and two boys. All are doing well.

A sombetone weighting sistees tons and outfur the form of a tree with hirds and squirrels lodged in its branches, and fares flowers an open book, and a veryell of music at the base, to a variously as Mesochia. O

American cities, and to prevail upon Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago to dress as New York does now. It this purpose succeeds, it will be a happy result for these three large and peculiar towns, and, in any case, the attempt is highly laudable.

Naturally the dress suit is first considered in "The Etiquette of Men's Dress." In its instructions and comments regarding this suit the book says that while its general outlines romain the same, yot there have been changes, and "if any of these details be slighted, the solectism committed is sure to be noted by some careful observer." As for the material:

Broadcloth and doeskin have almost absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard-were diagonals of the last few seasons are slowly but surely giving place to the stream of the contract of the stream of the course of the same of the cuttaways and frook costs for afternoon wear. Ide most new fashions in cloths, this chevico or thise take the most new fashions in cloths, this chevico or thise take most new fashions in cloths, this chevico or thise take most new fashions in cloths, this chevico or thise take most new fashions in cloths, this chevico or thise take most one of the cost should be faced with heavy black gross grain slik, this extends usually only to the seam but if preferred to the extreme edge of the lastel. Ether is takhonable.

Tallors who consider fine points of lift in the back of the cast slips on easier.

The vest recovers some of its ancient V shape, having recoiled from the round cut of last season, and there is "a disposition to favor black slik used for the cast slips on easier.

The vest recovers some of its ancient V shape, having recoiled from the round cut of last season, and there is "a disposition to favor black slik vests, which are made of Ottoman, matelasse, and more and many of the contract of the cast slips on easier.

The vest recovers some of its ancient V shape, having recoiled from the round cut of last season, and there is "a disposition to favor black slik vests, which are made of O

or a cutaway:

The latest sack coat is double breasted, having five buttons on a side and closing present black.

or a cutaway:

The latest sack coat is double-breasted, having five buttons on a side and closing pretty high, as it is probably intended to be worn without an overcoat in mederately cool weather. It is square-concreted and has pocket flaps except on the breast pocket. These suits are made chiefly of rough cloth—saxons, tweed, cheviot, or something not at all silek. Plain colors, stripes, and checks are all worn, some very pronounced figures being suitable for young men. Sack suits should be made of the same pattern of goods throughout. ** Cutaway suits inny be of the same goods throughout, but the 'fancy match' is the more stylish thing. The cost and vest should be of a quietter pattern, even for young men. than is allowable for sack soils. The various rough surgardicularly, as tweeds, chevious, beame goeds, or, more particularly, as tweeds, chevious, beame goeds, or, more goeds, or

have round corners, and may come off, and in collars there is the widest discretion. But neckwear and jewelry should be more closely looked after.

In selecting cravats the important thine is not to buy some particular color which may be imagined to be the prevaiting one, but to secure such as with the closthing and the complexion. Hereinstanding with the closthing and the complexion in the closthing and the complexion while complexion with the complexion will endure aimost any color, while others are senting will under aimost any color, while others are senting will under aimost any color, while others are senting will under aimost any color, while others are senting will under aimost any color, while others are senting will under aimost any color, while others are senting will under aimost any color, while others are senting will under aimost any color, while others are senting will under aimost any color, while others are senting and the complexity of the color of

of Men's Dress, "Is terse and unequivocal:
At a funeral of a prominent lawyer which occurred in
December, several societies of which the deceased was
a member were in attendance. The church was almost
a seid mass of men, uniformly dressed and gloved in
black. But there was one exception: a well-known
lawyer, who has also been a physician, from haste in
dressing, or from some carelessness bad put on a pair
of the sexpround of funerest black like a calcium light.
At all funerals, triends attending should, if possible,
wear black—a cutaway or frock coat, with black diagonal or corkecrew pantaloons er of a shade bordering
on black in tone—and, as indicated, black gives are indispensable. The best neckwear is a plain, black grosgrain four-in hand its. If any jewery is worn, a very
small pearl scarfpin is correct. A gentleman in mourning for one of his family should as all times wear black
neckwear in some shape, either a four in hand is,
or a flat scarf, and no gold jewelry whicker. He
black. Handkerchiefs, black oordered, are no longer
desirable for gentlemen in mourning.

Dress for railroad travel is strikingly and Dress for railroad travel is strikingly and originally considered, and the comments of "The Etiquette" upon this point should stir un persons who are accustomed to go as they please in the cars.

please in the cars.

For travelling, the hat should always be a Derby, the shads of which should harmonise with the color of the suit. A black Derby may be understood as harmonizing with any travelling suit, but in case a brown hat is worn it should always be a darker shade than the

ing with any travelling suit, but in case a brown hat is worn it should always be a darker shade than the suit. In addition to the Dorby the traveller should carry a skull "travelling cap" of black silk to wear in the cars, the Derby being always ready at hand in the hat rack above the seat.

- should be a single breasted that the traveller as the collar should be provided with a tab for buttoning it snugly about the provided with a tab for buttoning it snugly about the throat when leaving the heated atmosphere of the car in cold weather. (A silk muffler, also, should always be numbered among the traveler's effects.) The sleeves of the overcoat should likewise be provided with tabs for buttoning closely around the wrists.

The cape should be made detachable by means of loops and buttons beneath the collar, as the ulster may then be worn with or without the cape. The buttons of the ulster should appear plainly in view, and not be concealed beneath a fir, as in the ordinary walking ulster, this is but five or six inches long, but in the travelling ulster it should extend almost up to the walking ulster this is but five or six inches long, but in the travelling ulster it should extend almost up to the walk as dhould be supplemented by side edges of the same length. The object of these elaborations is to relieve the monotony of the otherwise plain back which must be regarded as inappropriate in the case of a traveller away from home. The material of the ulster should be striped or plaid cheviet if striped, and of the same general pattern as the suit, the figures should be coarser on the ulster.

A little disadstone bag should also be carried, fitted with recspitates for follest articles. The articles disagrames, papers, writing material, and small necessaries generally.

The gentleman rider should always wear a The gentleman rider should always wear a stovepipe, and "whether boots or leggings are worn, they should leave four of the knee buttons of the breeches showing above the teps. This is the regular thing, as recognized by both fox hunters and society equestrians." The invited guest "aboard a yacht should endeavor to wear the same kind of a suit as its owner, as harmony in costume is a very essential point on board a yacht."

"The Etiquette of Men's Dress" closes with a description of the proper costume for tobogganing, which includes the tuque, blanket, coat, sash, knickerbookers, stockings, glovos, and moccasins, and a sort of copper-toed arrangement to keep the last-named articles from wearing out. One wishing to learn how to dress appropriately for the double-ripper of New England or the bobsied of the West will have to look elsewhere.

HOW IT PRELS TO PREEEE

Acute Pains Followed by a Very Comfort.
able and Satisfied Condition of Mind.

Acute Fains Fellowed by a Very Comparison.

From the Missacoptis Primes.

Early in January, 1854. I Jeft Red Wing in company with S. J. Willard, John Day, and Almort Yeas.

Early in January, 1854. I Jeft Red Wing in company with S. J. Willard, John Day, and Almort Yeas.

Church Yeas. Church now mine Jeft Health District Distr

THE CIVIL JUSTICES ALERT.

AN UNUSUAL GRIST GROUND BY JUS. Sixteen Fines in Corporation Cases Imposed

in One Bay-Mr. Boyd Thinks This is Re-form, and Recalls Clerk Beanc's Practices, Corporation Attorney Boyd is satisfied that since he complained to Mayor Hewitt of the indisposit on of some of the Civil Justices to let the law be enforced in cases of violations of corporation cases, and that since THE SUN reported his views and the statements of Mayor Howitt and the Justices themselves, there has been a marked change for the better. He thinks that the Justices are more willing now than before to have judgments obtained and that the policemen, who are depended upon to make complaints and present evidence, have been quickened to a more accurate performance of their duties. But the Police Department, he says, does not do all that it might, Justice Deane of the Third District Court had 100 corporation suits Friday on his

calendar for hearing, and Corporation Attorney Boyd waited eagerly in his office that day for a report from his assistant, Mr. Diehl, as to the dianosition manifested by the new Justice in the trial of the causes. It was an agreeable surprise to him to learn that of the 100 suits twenty-nine had been heard. Of the others some eighteen had been called in court and necessarily dismissed, because the process servers could not find the persons named as defendants by the complainant policemen, for the extremely good reason that they were dead the extremely good reason that they were dead or were the wrong individuals. The remaining cases—fifty-three in all—were adjourned to Feb. 2 by consent of Mr. Boyd's representative and the Justice at the request of the defendants' counsel. Of the twenty-nine cases heard thirteen were dismissed on what Assistant Corporation Attorney Diehl admitted to be good grounds—chiefly because the policemen witnesses did not have complete testimenty. The other suits, and the results in each together with the kinds of obstruction kept on the sidewalk, were:

Jacob Nathan, coffee stand, 180 Mercer street; fine Mantonic Ritano, truit stands, 441 Broadway and 126 Bleecker street; 5.

Antonio Ritano, fruit stands, %1 Broadway and 136 Bleecker street; \$5. Mary Deoley, exhibiting trunks on the sidewalk, 43 Fourit avenue; \$5. C. J. Maxwell, sign on the walk, 386 Bowery; \$10. Charles H. Craft, sign on the walk, 380 Bewery; \$10. Fasquale Fanel, fruit stand, 643 Broadway; \$5. Antonia Britton, packing boxes on the walk; 187 Mercer

John Britton, packing boxes on the walk 197 Mercer street; 26.

Jacob Nathan, coffee stand, 181 Mercer street; 26.

Antonio littane, truit stand, 641 Broadway; 36. (Aptionio insists on keeping the stand in spite of successive fines, which he pays at Mr. Boyd's office like a max.).

Mary Dooley, whibiting trunks on sidewalk, 42 Fourth avenue; 36. (She is anether who pays the fine rather than stop keeping trunks on the walk.)

The George U. Fiint Company, furniture on the walk. 104 West Fourteenth street; 30.

August Caiano, isarber's pole, 11 Sixth avenue; 210.

Robert Stewart, building stores on walk, 506 West Thirteenth at; 48.

August Prichette, barber's pole, 167 Christopher streets 50.

Jacob Stark, barber's pole, 153 Waverley place; \$5.
 James Carroll sign on post on the walk, 856 Washington street; \$10.

Jacob Stark, barber's pole, 153 Waverley place; \$3.

James Carroll, sin on post on the walk, \$26 Washington street; \$10.

Mr. Boyd thinks that Justice Deane is starting out to make a better record in corporation suits than he had in similar cases when he was clerk. The Corporation Attorney had trouble with him then, and made no bones about telling Mr. Deane that he had interfered with the prosecution of corporation suits by looking the court papers in his safe and absenting himself on trial days. He wrote him a letter late in November just before Mr. Deane became Justice, in which he said:

"The Justice could not try the cases for the reason that the papers could not be found, and the Assistant Clerk stated that you had looked them up in your safe. After waiting for one hour for your appearance, and you falling to be present the Justice adjourned the trial of the cases to the 15th inst. On the 15th inst. the representative of this office attended at the court with witnesses ready to try the cases, and by reason of your absence again the papers were not produced, and the Justice further adjourned the trial of these cases to the 25d inst. This morning the representative of this office attended at the court with witnesses ready to try the cases, and the napers could not be procured, the Assistant Clerk making the statement that they were looked in your safe. A messenger was sent by the Justice to your residence with the request that you appear at the court and produce the papers. The messenger returned and stated that you would not come to the court, that there were no cases on, and if there were they should be adjourned until Saturday of this week. Thereupon the Justice adjourned the trial of these cases until the 25th inst.

"It is your duty as clerk of the court, instead of absenting yourself from your safe, to see that all papers relating to cases upon the calendar of the court are in the hands of the Justice of the court would not come to the court are in the hands of the Justice of the court of your duty as

expect to receive them at ence."

The Civil Justices had a private meeting in the Sisclair House a few nights are, at which they discussed in a general way the work before them. Justice Clancy was chosen Chairman, and Justice Coldiogle Secretary. They propose to adopt a uniform practice in corporation cases. Though this system can be followed or not at the option of each Justice, they think that there won't be much variance of opinion. On the question of the jurisdiction of the Civil Courts in corporation cases they appointed Justice Lachman a committee to see Corporation Counsel Beekman and find his views as to whether the Justices should try certain of Mr. Boyd's suits pending the argument and decision by the General Term of the Common Pleas, before whom the point has been raised that the suits belong in a criminal rather than a civil court. The Corporation Counsel did not give Justice Lachman as official opinion.

An action was begun in the Eighth District Court by the city against a merchant at 401 Sixth avenue, for violation of a corporation ordinance for incumbering the sidewalk with signs suspended from an awning overhead. The defendant offored in evidence a permit granted by the Common Council allowing him to maintain the signs, and claimed a diamissal of the suit, Judge Jeroloman decided vesterday for the defendant. He says: "The Common Council, or Board of Aldermen, on the 26th of September, 1882, passed a resolution giving defendant permission to retain awning and hanging sing in front of his premissa. The Mayor vetced the resolution was passed over the vato. The said resolution has never been resented. In this case I have requested the Corporation Attorney to present me an authority showing that the action of the Aldermen was ultra vires, but he has failed to do so. I shall therefore hold in this case, and all other cases of a like character, until overruled by an Appellate Court, that the action of the Common Council in found in this case, and all other cases of a like character, until overruled by